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OLD MAIDS.

I love old maids and allers did,
And hate the folks as snarl about 'em,
And know this strange old alth o' ours
Could never get along without 'em
I've loved 'em ever since I knowed
That they was wimmin as others,
Who marry only for a home,
And bear the name o' wives and mothers.
Dai, marry knowl they're jist as good,
And they deserve as much o' honor
As she who breaks her neck ter get
The yoke o' marriage put upon her.
But some folks could'n live nor die,
If 'twasn't for pickin' and for quar'lin',
And to old maids are made ter take
A certain share of all their snarlins'.
And bachelors—poor fellows, too!
They ketch it sharp as Greenland winters,
From folks whose souls and tempers are
Made mostly up o' thorns and splinters.
But I would jist be pleased to know
If they ain't free ter do their choosin';
Ter marry, or ter marry not
Jist as they think it gain or loosin'.
If they have loved and they have lost,
And there are graves beneath the daisies,
Their grief deserves our sympathy,
Their company deserves our prizes.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
Author of the "Comte de Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty
Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne,"
"The Three of Athos," "The Lioness in
Valence," "The Man from
Marseilles," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HATRED OF A TULIP-FANCIER.

From that moment Boxtel's interest in
tulips was no longer a stimulus to his ex-
ecutions, but a deadening anxiety. Hence-
forth all his thoughts ran only upon the
fugury which his neighbor would cause
him, and thus his favorite occupation
was changed into a constant source of
misery to him.

Van Baerle, as may be easily imagined,
had no sooner begun to apply his natural
ingenuity to his new fancy, than he en-
ceeded in growing the finest tulips. In-
deed he knew better than any one else at
Haarlem or Leyden—the two towns
which boast the best soil and the most
congenial climate—how to vary the col-
ors, to modify the shape, and to produce
new species.

Mythen Van Baerle and his tulips,
therefore, were in the month of every-
body; so much so, that Boxtel's name
disappeared for ever from the list of the
notable tulip-growers in Holland, and
those of Dort are now represented by
Cornelius and Van Baerle, the modest
and inoffensive avant.

Engaging heart and soul, in his pur-
suits of sowing, planting and gathering.
Van Baerle, caressed by the whole frater-
nity of tulip-growers of Europe, enter-
tained not the least suspicion that there
was at his very door a pretender whose
throne he had usurped.

He went on his career, and consequen-
tially in his triumphs; and, in the course of
two years, he covered his borders with
such marvellous productions, as no mortal
man, following in the tracks of the
Creator, except, perhaps, Shakespeare
and Rubens, have equalled in point of
numbers.

And also, if Dante had wished for a
new type to be added to his characters of
the Inferno, he might have chosen Boxtel
during the period of Van Baerle's ences-
sues. Whilst Cornelius was weeding,
manning, watering his beds; whilst,
kneeling on the turf-border, he analyzed
every vein of the flowering tulips, and
meditated on the modifications which
might be effected by crosses of color or
otherwise,—Boxtel, concealed behind a
small eyemore which he had trained at
the top of the partition-wall in the shape
of a fan, watched, with his eyes starting
from their sockets, and with foaming
mouth, every step and every gesture of
his neighbor, and, whenever he thought
he saw him look happy, or described a
smile on his lips, or a flash of content-
ment glancing in his eye, he poured out
towards him such a volley of maledic-
tion and furious threats, as to make it in-
deed a matter of wonder, that this veno-
mous breath of envy and hatred did not
carry a blight on the innocent flowers
which had excited it.

When the evil spirit has once taken
hold of the heart of a man, it urges him
on without letting him stop. Thus Box-
tel was soon no longer content with see-
ing Van Baerle. He wanted to see his
flowers too; he had the feelings of an ar-
tist; the master-piece of a rival engrossed
his interest.

He therefore bought a telescope, which
enabled him to watch, as accurately as
did the owner himself, every
progressive development of the flower,
from the moment when, in the first year,
its pale and seed leaf begins to peep from
the ground, to that glorious one when,
after five years, its petals at last reveal
the hidden treasures of its chalice. How
often had the miserable jealous man to
observe, in Van Baerle's beds, tulips
which dazzled him by their beauty and
almost choked him by their perfection.

And then, after the first blush of the
admiration which he could not help feel-
ing, he began to be tortured by the pang
of envy, by that slow fever which creeps
over the heart and changes it into a nest
of vipers, each devouring the other and
ever born anew. How often did Boxtel,
in the midst of tortures which no pen is
able fully to describe—how often did he
feel an inclination to jump down into the
garden, during the night, to destroy the
plants, to tear the bulbs with his teeth,
and to sacrifice to his wrath the owner
himself, if he should venture to stand up
for the defence of his tulips.

But to kill a tulip was a horrible crime
in the eyes of a genuine tulip-fancier; as
to killing a man, it would not have mat-
tered so very much.

Yet Van Baerle made such progress in
the noble science of growing tulips, which
he seemed to master with the true in-
stinct of genius, that Boxtel was at last
maddened to such a degree as to think of
throwing sticks and stones into the flower
stands of his neighbor. But remember-
ing that he would be sure to be found
out, and that he would not only be pun-
ished by law, but also dishonored for
ever in the face of all the tulip-growers of
Europe, he had recourse to stratagem;
and, to gratify his hatred, tried to devise
a plan by means of which he might gain
his ends without being compromised him-
self.

He considered a long time, and at last
his meditations were crowned with suc-
cess.

One evening he tied two cats together
by their hind-legs with a string about
six feet in length, and threw them from
the wall into the midst of that noble, that
princely, that royal bed, which contained
not only the "Cornelius De Witte," but
besides, the "Beauty of Brabant," milk-
white, edged with purple and pink; the
"Marble of Rotterdam," color of daz-
zling blue, fethered red and flesh-color;
and the "Wonder of Haarlem," dark
dove-color, tinged with a lighter shade of
the same.

The frightened cats, having alighted on
the ground, first tried to fly each in a di-
ferent direction, until the string by which
they were tied together was tightly
stretched across the bed; then, however,
feeling that they were not able to get off,
they began to pull to and fro, and, to
wheel about with heart-rending caterwaul-
ings, moving down with their string the
flowers among which they were disport-
ing themselves, until, after a furious strife
of about a quarter of an hour, the string
broke and the combatants vanished.

Boxtel, hidden behind his eyemore,
could not see anything, as it was pitch
dark; but the piercing cries of the cats
told the whole tale, and his heart, over-
flowing with gall, was now throbbing with
triumphant joy.

Boxtel was no longer to ascertain the ex-
tent of the injury, that he remained on
his post until morning to feast his eyes at
the end and state in which the two cats had
placed the flower-beds of his neighbor.
The misdeeds of the morning chilled his
frame, but he did not feel the cold, the
hope of revenge keeping his blood at fever
heat. The chagrin of his rival was to
pay for all the inconvenience which he
incurred himself.

At the earliest dawn the door of the
white house opened, and Van Baerle
made his appearance; approaching the
flower-beds with a smile of a man who
had passed the night comfortably in his
bed, and had had happy dreams.

All at once he perceived furrows and
little mounds of earth on the beds which
only the evening before had been as
smooth as a mirror; all at once he per-
ceived the symmetrical rows of his tulips
to be completely disordered, like the pikes
of a battalion in the midst of which a
shell has fallen.

He ran up to them with blanched
cheeks.

Boxtel trembled with joy. Fifteen or
twenty tulips, torn and crushed, were
lying about, some of them bent, others
completely broken and already withering;
the sap oozing from their bleeding bulbs;
how gladly would Van Baerle redeemed
that precious sap with his own blood!

But what was his surprise and his de-
light! what was the disappointment of
his rival! Not one of the four tulips
which the latter had meant to destroy
was injured at all. They raised proudly
their noble heads above the corpses of
their slain companions. This was enough
to console Van Baerle, and enough to fan
the rage of the horticultural murderer,
who tore his hair at the sight of the effect
of the crime which had been committed
in vain.

Van Baerle could not imagine the cause
of the mishap, which, fortunately,
was of far less consequence than it might
have been. On making inquiries, he
learned that the whole night had been
disturbed by terrible caterwaulings. He,
besides, found traces of the cats, their
footmarks and hairs left behind on the
battle-field; to guard, therefore, in future
against a similar outrage, he gave orders
that henceforth one of the under-garden-
ers should sleep in the garden in a sentry
box near the flower beds.

Boxtel heard him give the order, and
saw the sentry-box put up that very day,
but he deemed himself lucky in not hav-
ing been suspected, and, being more than
ever incensed against the encessual hor-
ticulturalist, he resolved to abide his time.

Just then the Tulip Society of Haar-
lem offered a prize for the production of

the large black tulip without a spot of
color, a thing which had not yet been ac-
complished, and was considered impos-
sible, as at that time, there did not exist
a flower of that species approaching even
the dark nut-brown. It was, therefore,
generally said that the founders of the
prize might just as well have offered two
millions as a hundred thousand guilders,
since no one would be able to gain it.

The tulip growing world, however, was
thrown by it into a state of most active
commotion. Some fanciers caught
at the idea without believing it practica-
ble; but such is the power of imagination
among florists, that, although considering
the undertaking as certain to fail, all their
thoughts were engrossed by that grand
black tulip, which was looked upon as
chimerical as the black swan or the
white raven were reputed to be in those
days.

Van Baerle was one of the tulip grow-
ers who were struck with the idea; Boxtel
thought of it in a light of a speculation.
Van Baerle, as soon as the idea had once
taken root in his clear and ingenious
mind, began slowly the necessary sow-
ings and operations to reduce the tulips,
which he had grown already, from red to
brown, and from brown to dark brown.

By the next year he had obtained
flowers of a perfect nut-brown, and Boxtel
espied them in the border, whereas he
had himself, as yet, only succeeded in
producing the light brown.

Boxtel once more worsted by the su-
periority of his hated rival, was now
completely disgusted with tulip-growing,
and, being driven half mad, devoted
himself entirely to observations.

The house of his rival was quite open
to view: a garden exposed to the sun;
cabinets with glass walls, shelves, cup-
boards, boxes and ticketed pigeon-holes,
which could easily be surveyed by the
telescope. Boxtel allowed his bulbs to
rot in the pits, his seedlings to dry up in
their cases, and his tulips to wither in
the borders, and henceforward occupied
himself with nothing else but the doings
at Van Baerle's.

But the most curious part of the opera-
tions was not performed in the garden.
It might be one o'clock in the morning,
when Van Baerle went up to his labora-
tory, into the glazed cabinet whither
Boxtel's telescope had such an easy ac-
cess, and here as soon as the lamp illu-
minated the walls and windows, Boxtel
saw the inventive genius of his rival at work.

He beheld him sifting his seeds, and
soaking them in liquids which were des-
tined to modify or deepen their colors.
He knew what Cornelius meant, when
he sent certain grains, then moistening
them, then combining them with others
by a sort of grafting—a minute or mar-
vellously-delicate manipulation—he shut
up in darkness those which were expect-
ed to furnish the black color; expose to
the sun or to the lamp those which were
to produce red; and placed between the
endless reflections of two water-mirrors
those intended for white, the pure rep-
resentation of the limpid element.

This innocent magic, the fruit at the
same time of childlike musings and of
manly genius—this patient, untiring la-
bor, of which Boxtel knew himself to be
incapable—made him, grieved as he was
with envy, centre all his life, all his
thoughts, and all his hopes, in his tele-
scope.

For, strange to say, the love and in-
terest for horticulture, had not deadened
in Isaac his fierce envy and thirst of re-
venge. Sometimes, whilst covering Van
Baerle with his telescope, he deluded
himself into a belief that he was leveling
a never-failing musket at him; and then
he would seek with his finger for the trig-
ger to fire the shot with which to have
killed his neighbor. But it is time that
we should connect with this epoch of the
operations of the one, and the equijob of
the other, the visit which Cornelius De
Witte came to pay to his native town.

(Continued next week.)

The Man with the Extremities.

The Detroit Free Press, has this good
one: He smiled blandly as he halted for
a moment in front of the City Hall. He
looked like a man who could palm off
almost anything on the public at 100 per
cent profit and yet leave each customer
in a grateful mood. He had a tin trunk
in his hand, and as he walked down Lafay-
ette avenue the boys wondered whether
the trunk contained tax receipts or horse
liniment. The stranger halted in front
of a residence, his smile deepened, and
he mounted the steps and pulled the bell.

"Is the lady at home?" he inquired of
the girl who answered the bell.

The girl thought he was the census-
taker, and she seated him in the parlor
and called the lady of the house. When
the lady entered the stranger rose bowed
and said:

"Madam I have just arrived in this
town after a tour extending clear down
to Florida, and wherever I went I was
received with glad welcome."

"Did you wish to see my husband?"
she asked as he opened the tin trunk.

"No, madam; I deal directly with the
lady of the house in all cases. A woman
will appreciate the virtues of my exter-
minator and purchase a bottle where a
man would order me off the steps with-

out glancing at it."
"Your—your what?" she asked.
"Madam," he replied as he placed a
four-ounce phial of dark liquid on the
palm of his left hand, "madam, I desire
to call your attention to my Sunset Bel-
bug Extreminator. It has been tried at
home and abroad, and in no case has it
failed to—"

"What do you mean sir?" she deman-
ded, getting very red in the face.

"Leave the house instantly,"
"Madam, I do not wish you to infer
from my—"

"I want you to leave this house!" she
shrieked.

"Madam allow me to explain my—"
"I will call the police!" she screamed
making for the door, and he hastily
locked his trunk and hurried out.

Gowing down the street about two
blocks he saw the lady of the house at
the parlor window, and instead of climb-
ing the steps he stood under the window
and politely said:

"Madam, I don't wish to even hint that
any of the bed-steads in your house are
inhabited by bed-bugs, but—"

"What! What's that?" she exclaimed.
"I said that I hadn't the remotest idea
that any of the bed-steads in your house
were infested by bed-bugs," he replied.

"Take yourself out of this yard!"
she shouted, snatching a tidy off the
back of a chair and brandishing it at
him.

"Reg pardon, madam, but I should
like to call your—"

"Get out!" she screamed; "get out,
or I'll call the gardener!"
"I will get out, madam, but I wish
you understand—"

"J-a-w-n-l J-a-w-n-l!" she shouted
out of a side window, but the exterminator
agent was out of the yard before
John could get around the house.

He seemed discouraged as he walked
down the street, but he had traveled
less than a block when he saw a stout
woman sitting on the front steps of a
fine residence, fanning herself.

"Stout women are always good-nat-
ured," he soliloquized as he opened
the gate.

"Haven't got anything for the grass-
hopper sufferer?" she called out as he
entered.

There was an angelic smile on his
face as he approached the steps set his
trunk down and said:

"My mission, madam, is even nobler
than acting agent for a distressed
community. The grasshopper sufferer
does not comprise a one-hundredth part
of the world's population, while my
mission is to relieve the whole world."

"I don't want any peppermint
essence," she continued as he started to
unlock the trunk.

"Great heavens, madam, do I resem-
ble a peddler of cheap essences?" he ex-
claimed. "I am not one. I am here in
Detroit to enhance the comforts of the
night—to produce pleasant dreams.
Let me call your attention to my Sun-
set Bel-bug Extreminator, a liquid war-
rant to—"

"Red what?" she screamed, ceasing to
fan her fat cheeks.

"My Sunset Bel-bug Extreminator.
It is to-day in use in the humble negro
cabins on the banks of the Arkansas,
as well as in the royal palace of her
Majesty Q—"

"You'r-rascal! villany!" she wheezed;
"how dare you insult me in—"

"No insult, madam, it is a pure mat-
ter of fact—"

"Leave! Git o-w-t!" she screamed,
clutching at his hair, and he had to go
out in such a hurry that he couldn't
lock the trunk until he reached the walk.

He traveled several blocks and turned
several corners before he halted again,
and his smile faded away to a melan-
choly grin. He saw two or three ragged
children at a gate noticed that the house
was old, and he braced up and entered.

"I vants no soap," said the woman
of the house as he stood in the door.

"Soap, madam, soap? I have no
soap. I noticed that you lived in an
old house, and as old houses are pretty
apt to be infested—"

"I vants no bins or needles to-jny!"
she shouted.

"Madam, I am not a peddler of Yan-
kee notions," he replied. "I am sell-
ing a liquid, prepared only by myself
which is warranted to—"

"I vants no baper gollers!" she ex-
claimed, motioning him to leave.

"Paper collar! I have often been
mistaken for Shakespeare, madam, but
never before for a paper collar peddler.
Let me unlock my trunk and show—"

"I vants no matches—no dibacco—
no zigzag!" she interrupted; and her
husband came around the corner and,
after crying the agent for a moment
remarked:

"If you don't be quick out of here
I shall haf no shokings about it!"

At dusk that night the agent was
sitting on a salt barrel in front of a
commission house, and the shadows of
evening were slowly deepening the
melancholy look on his face.

It takes only one letter to make Mary
inny.

Have a Purpose in Life.

Young man, have you a purpose in life?
What do you intend to be or do? The
question strikes you, perhaps, with some-
thing of novelty. Yet it is the great one
on which your future place in the world
depends. If no life purpose is yet formed
in your mind, it is full time that you sat
down and spend a season in grave reflec-
tion. Without an earnest purpose, noth-
ing worth accomplishing can be done in
this world. Thought, will, energy, work—
these are the elements of success; these
are the materials out of which men con-
struct their fortunes; and if you are
dreaming of wealth, honor or position in
the future, and have not these to build on
and build with, advancing years will see
the beautiful structure that now rises
pleasantly in your fancy fading away like
the "baseless fabric of a vision."

A young man inquired of Daniel Web-
ster if there were room in the legal pro-
fession. "Yes," replied the statesman,
"plenty of room in the upper stories."
And so, in the several callings, trades
and professions, there is plenty of room
in the upper stories. But only few have
the energy to climb up and occupy them.
All honor to the few!

We hear daily the complaint, that all
professions and all branches of industry
are crowded. And so they are, with the
simultaneous and mediocre. But there is
plenty of room in all of them—in the up-
per stories—where scope enough for live
men, with talent, earnestness and will.
Unhappily the larger number of our
young men are wasting their leisure hours
in sensual indulgence or pleasure-seek-
ing. We find them nightly at the thea-
ter, opera, or the ball, or in the company
of idle men or frivolous women, con-
tent if they can reach the dignity of an
operatic criticism, or talk learnedly of
the reading and acting of some favorite
wearer of the sock and buskin. A poor
and mean ambition this; no wonder the
intellect is dwarfed that has in it no bet-
ter aspiration.

A few years will pass, and then we may
look for the great company of these aim-
less ones, but look in vain. Their mark
will be seen somewhere upon society,
their names be heard when the world's
benefactors are spoken of. Are you con-
tent, young man, to be numbered with
them? If not, gird up your loins, and in
good earnest seek to acquire the utmost
ability in your art, calling or profession.
Let each day see you advancing in skill
and knowledge; and as certain as the sun
shines or the water runs, you will rise
above the common mass. And just in
the degree that your motives are hono-
rable and unselfish, will you add happi-
ness to success in life.

Waiting for a Cave.

(Vicksburg Herald.)

Three or four days ago, within two or
three miles of this city, a Washington
street merchant, who had business in the
country, came to a small creek beside
which a native was washing his shirt.

The man was sousing the garment up
and down and around, and as he "soused"
he whistled a merry tune.

"Do you have to wash your own
shirt?" inquired the merchant, as he hal-
ted.

"Not allus, but old Bet has got one o'
her flus' on jest now," was the ready re-
ply.

"Then you don't agree very well?"

"Purty well on the general thing.
Bet's kind o' mulish, and I'm kind o'
mulish, and when we get our backs up
we crawl off to see who'll cave first."

"I should think you would want some
soap?"

"I do."

"Why don't you get it, then?"

"That would be cav'ing to Bet, stran-
ger. She's squatted on the only bit of
bar soap 'twixt here and Vicksburg, and
she's jest aching for me to slide up and
ask her for it."

"And you won't?"

"Stranger," replied the native as he
straightened up, "don't I look like a fel-
ler that would wear a shirt three months
before I'd cave in and holler for soap?"

The merchant sided with him, and as
he drove on, the man soused the shirt up
and down and whistled:

"I'm gwine up the river—
Hear me holler."

Time.

It waits for no man; it travels onward
with an even, uninterrupted, inexorable
step, without accommodating itself to the
delays of mortals. The restless hours
pursue their course; moments press after
moments; day trends upon day; year
rolls after year. Does man loiter, pro-
crastinate? Is he listless or insolent? Be-
hold the days, and months, and years,
unmindful of his delay, are never slug-
gish, but march forward in silent and
solemn procession. Our labors and toils,
our ideas and feelings, may be suspended
by sleep; darkness, and silence, and death
may reign around us, but Time is beyond
the power of any human being, besides
Omnipotence. The clock may cease to
strike; the sun to shine; but the busy
hours pass on. The months and years
must continue to move forward.

When freedom from her mountain
height unfurled her standard to the air,
her skirts, pinned back so very tight,
made her appear exceedingly spare.

Capital.

Some men accumulate by loaning mon-
ey on bond and mortgage. They care
not and will not invest a dollar in private
or public enterprise. Bond and mortgage
will give them a certain return for their
money, notwithstanding the vicissitude of
trade, the drought of summer, and the
pinchings of winter. The farmer, the
mechanic, and all who have substantial
property to pledge at about one half its
worth must pay them tribute. They run
no risk, and do nothing towards giving
employment to labor, or aiding those who
depend upon labor for subsistence. There
are many towns, for their prosperity, who
have quite too many who would wring
their victims to penury for the use of
their money. In a town not many miles
from my own, are several business men
who, apparently, never learned the secret
of making money through the instrumen-
tality of bonds and mortgages. Industry
and good management gave them capital.
That capital was invested in business,
and that business gave employment to
hundreds whose only support was labor.
Not many years ago, an Irishman started,
in the town of Kinderhook, a small iron
foundry. He made money. As he accu-
mulated, he extended business, and now
he is engaged, not only in the foundry
business, but has large investments in
cotton manufacturing and mercantile pur-
suits. He is emphatically a useful man,
for his means benefit all around him.

Though he makes money, commands and
has it on hand, he knows nothing about
loaning it upon bond and mortgage. He
uses it in business pursuits—builds fac-
tories, houses, and opens stores. One suc-
cessful man is worth a dozen of your money-
lending sharks in any community. The
farmer and the mechanic are not vaseals
to him for the use of his money, because
he uses it himself. He runs the risk of
high and low prices. The employment
of his capital feeds a large number of
men, women and children, and at the
same time adds much to the prosperity
and wealth of every place in which his
investments are made.—Exchange.

Cheating an Innocent Old Man.

Vicksburg Herald.
One day last month when trade was
dull, a Vicksburg grocery clerk procured
a piece of sole-leather, from a shoemak-
er, painted it black, and laid it back for
further use. Within a few days an old
chap from back in the country came in
and enquired for a plug of chewing to-
bacco. The piece of sole leather was tied
up, paid for, and the purchaser started
for home. At the end of the sixth day he
returned, looking downcast and dejected,
and walking into the store he inquired of
the clerk:

"Member that terbacker I got here the
other day?"

"Yes."

"Well, was that a new brand?"

"No—same old brand."

"Regular plug terbacker, was it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's me; it's right here in
my jaws," sadly replied the man, "I
knewed I was gettin purty old, but I was
allus handy on biten plug. I never seen a
plug afore this that I couldn't tear to pieces
at one chaw. I sot my teeth on to this
one, and bit and pulled and twisted like
a dog at a root, and I've kept bitin and
pullin for six days, and thar she am now,
the same as the day

THE FINANCIAL ISSUE.

Below we print a letter from ex-Secretary of the Treasury, McCulloch, upon the financial question, which appeared in the New York Tribune. Shall we have more Greenbacks in the question of the hour. Upon this issue the political parties are in a sad muddle. In New York, both parties declare for hard money, in Ohio and Pennsylvania, Democratic conventions declare for inflation.

If the money question becomes the main issue, it must result that parties will reorganize, for of both parties there are many who are for hard money, many for more money of any kind, and many who have no opinion about the matter at all. It strikes us that we need something to get money with—corn, wheat and pork—and that in some way our currency must come to a par with gold. As to the best ways and means to accomplish this end, we shall have more to say hereafter. In the meantime, we commend the letter alluded to, to the careful perusal of all intelligent and thinking readers.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

Sir: A few days ago I asked a gentleman of large experience and careful observation—a friend of the United States when we had few friends among the leading men of England—"When shall we be able to borrow at four per cent for the purpose of retiring our six per cent Government bonds?"

"When," replied he, "you get back to specie payments. Everything hinges upon that. I agree with you that the credit of your Government ought to be equal, if not superior to that of any Government in the world, and it will be when you come to your senses upon the question of the currency. Should the inflationists succeed in their efforts to increase the circulation of irredeemable legal tender notes, you will not only be unable to place your four per cent either at home or in Europe, but you will find even the holders of your five (for which there is now an active demand at a premium) disposed to get rid of them as speedily as possible. If the inflationists get the control of your legislation and renew the old and foolish experiment of making money plentiful by the use of the printing press, the credit of your great country will sink to the level of that of Egypt or Turkey."

TIMIDITY OF HARD-MONEY MEN.

This opinion, which I have given in very nearly the language of the gentleman who expressed it, is the prevailing sentiment on this side of the Atlantic. There is not an intelligent man in all Europe who has given attention to the subject who does not wonder at the inflation, if it be not something more than inflation, of the advocate of an irredeemable currency in the United States, who does not condemn the irresolution of most of those who claim to be the friend of a sound currency. There is in fact more danger to be apprehended from the timidity of many who are ranked on the side of specie, than from the undisguised action of those who favor further issues of Government notes. Every reflecting and intelligent mind must perceive that a further depreciation of those now in circulation, an increase of financial trouble, and ultimate repudiation; but the faint results of the "let alone" policy are not so apparent. An immense majority of our leading politicians of all parties are sound in theory, but they seem to lack nerve. They favor a return to specie payments, but they do not say how this is to be effected. They seem to be afraid of the bugbear of contraction, as if a return to the true measure of value would affect values. They seem blind to the self-evident proposition that there will be no real contraction if the purchasing power of the currency is increased proportionately with a reduction of its volume. Unless some decided and practical measures are put into actual operation of the restoration of the specie standard, we shall go on as we have been going for some years past, during which every day has made a return to the paths of safety and real prosperity more difficult. Let us look for a moment at the causes of the existing embarrassments and prostration in the United States, and then consider some of the remedies which have been suggested.

CAUSES OF THE DEPRESSION.

First, the cause. That there is great stagnation in all or nearly all branches of enterprise and industry in the United States, that our manufacturers are sadly depressed, that very few of our railroads are yielding fair return on their actual cost, while a large part of them are unable to pay the interest on their bonds; that our shipping interests have so declined, that the United States, which a quarter of a century ago seemed in a fair way to become the first in maritime powers, is now not even to be ranked among second-class nations in the foreign carrying trade; that our countries, cities, and towns are so seriously in debt that tax-payers are looking to unlawful measures for relief, and that for some years past we, as people, have been so extravagant and wasteful that we have become a byword throughout Europe, are facts that cannot be denied nor disguised. Now, while this depression of our manufactures, this unprofitableness of our railroads, this decline of our merchant marine, this frightful accumulation of municipal indebtedness, this extravagance and wastefulness cannot be attributed exclusively to a redundant currency, they can in a great measure be traced to it. Other causes, it is true, have to some extent assisted in producing the trouble in which we are involved; but if we had been on a specie basis, this trouble would have been small in comparison to what it is. Had there been no over-issuance of paper money, there would have been depression in trade and manufactures, but we should not have been overwhelmed as we have been with debt and bankruptcy. We should have felt the effect of over-production, as Great Britain is feeling it. Enormous as has been the increase of consumption in civilized nations within the last 20 years, it has not kept pace with production. The wonderful inventions in machinery, the revolution effected by clean power, and the reduction of time in international exchanges, have greatly disturbed old economic laws. Production has been immensely stimulated by forces which were not understood, or at least were not utilized, until long after the commencement of the present century, the result of which has been over-production, reaction, depression, and these are felt in the greatest measure in those countries in which these forces have been most actively in use. There are very few branches of manufacturing in Great Britain, the greatest manufacturing nation in the world, which are now in a prosperous state, simply because there has been more goods manufactured than there is a present demand for. The same is true in the United States. Why, let me ask, are so many of our iron foundries idle? Why are our woolen and cotton mills running on half-time? Why are our lumber yards overstocked? Why is there so little activity in shipbuilding? Why are our railroads so unprofitable, and why are so many thousands of laborers out of employment? Certainly not for want of money, for money, paper money, is never so abundant or so cheap, and the same would be true of real money if it had not been driven out of circulation by the inferior currency. Ask our iron manufacturers why their forges are not in full operation; the managers of our woolen and cotton mills, why their works are partially suspended; our lumber men, why stocks have accumulated on their hands; our shipbuilders, why they are not building more ships; our railroad men, why their railroads are not earning more money, and see if the answers are not of the same tenor—that manufacturers have out-trippled demand, and there is more lumber than building, more ships than freight, more railroads than traffic, more laborers than work. I do not believe that one sensible man among all these classes of producers and dealers can be found who will attribute the existing depression to a scarcity of money. It is such are the facts, what judgment should be pronounced upon those who, through wilful blindness, or for party purposes, or for selfish ends, declare before laborers suffering from want of employment, against the oppression of capitalists, and urge them to demand more currency, as an antidote for their misfortune.

CAUSES OF THE DEPRESSION.

I have said that great depression in trade and manufactures exists in Great Britain as well as in the United States, but there is a marked contrast in the real condition of the two countries. While the existing depression is felt, and severely, by the manufacturers and dealers in Great Britain, the general state of the country is healthy. Land was never so high or so saleable as now; the traffic upon English railroads was never so large, and notwithstanding a reduction of taxes, the revenues of the Government are steadily increasing; municipal indebtedness is comparatively unknown; there is no general complaint of taxation, and the spirit of the people is strong and buoyant. There have been heavy failures, and fearful losses have been sustained by reason of injudicious investments; but the nation is, as a whole, in a satisfactory financial state. Now I need not ask if the reverse of this is not true of the United States. The question, then, to be considered is, to what, in addition to over-production, is the prostration of a country so abundant in resources, with a population so intelligent and vigorous as ours, attributable? Is it not, first, to our civil war? Secondly, to our redundant and vicious currency? Thirdly, to injudicious taxation? Let us dwell for a moment upon the first two—leaving the third for consideration at some future day.

First, The War.—Everybody knows that wars are terribly destructive of property as well as life, and the civil wars are especially so. The war between the Government and the Southern States was one of the most exhausting that has ever been waged. During the continuance of the war, everything was in demand. The manufacture of war implements, the production of food for the support of the armies, necessarily involved an advance in prices, and gave a stimulus to industry which seemed to the cursory observer like national prosperity. Never were wages so high, never were fortunes so suddenly made, never were people so intoxicated by deceptive appearances. That this prosperity was delusive is now apparent, but it did not become apparent until after the crisis of 1873, for during the war the Government, to meet its enormous expenses, not only issued a vast amount of its interest-bearing obligations, but it made forced loans in the form of promissory notes, and declared these notes to be lawful money.

THE LOSS BY BAD CURRENCY.

Secondly, A Redundant and Vicious Currency.—Redundant, because when the war terminated there was no legitimate demand for so large a circulating medium; vicious, because it substituted a legal but artificial measure of value for the true measure, thereby violating the higher law which makes gold and silver the standard—a law which has never yet been violated without commercial disturbance, nor, if the violation was long continued, without national disaster.

That the legal tender notes and the notes of the National banks made the circulating medium redundant is proved by the artificial prices they created and sustained, by their great depreciation, and by the uses that have been made of them. Their viciousness is made manifest by the facts that they were and are irredeemable; that they have familiarized the people with dishonored obligations which they have been and are compelled to treat as money; that they were and continue to be constantly fluctuating in value, making business gambling, and business men gamblers. That an irredeemable currency is a tax upon industry and a fruitful source of demoralization requires no argument to establish. If the truth could be arrived at, it would be discovered that the depreciated paper money has been a heavier burden upon the industrial and producing classes of the United States than all the taxes, direct and indirect, to which they have been subjected, and that it has done more to debauch and corrupt the public sentiment than all other causes combined. The substitution of inconceivable notes for coin, is an old game of distressed monarchies. It has frequently been resorted to by bankrupt nations, and always with the same disastrous results. It was resorted to by the United States, under the pressure of what seemed to be a great emergency. That it should be adhered to so long after the supposed emergency had ceased and still have intelligent and honest advocates is difficult of explanation, in view of the fact that over-issues of paper money have been the cause of every financial crisis, every deep-rooted financial disaster, that has occurred in the United States. Let us glance at our previous experiences.

London, Aug. 23, 1875.

The Frankfort *Zeitung* is mistaken about Mr. Stilson Hutchins, of the St. Louis Times being a native of Kentucky. He was born in Maine, and served his journalistic apprenticeship under the veteran Colonel Greene on the Boston Post. The *Zeitung* has probably confounded him with the Hutchins of Kentucky, of whom VIRGINUS is the last.

Josh Billings on Marriage.

Marriage is a fair transaction on the face of it.

But there is too often put up jobs in it.

It is an old institution, older than the pyramids, and as phall of hydropathies that nobody can parse.

History holds its tongue who the pair was who first put on the silken harness, and promised to work kind to it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or float.

But whatever they was, they must have made a good thing out of it, or so many of their posterity would not have harnessed up since and drove out.

There is a great moral grip to marriage.

riage: it is the matter that holds the sash together.

But there ain't but darn few folks who put their money in matrimony who could sit down and give a good written opinion on why on earth they cum to do it.

This is a grate proof that it is one of them natural kind or accidents that must happen just as birds fly out of the nest, when they have feathers enuff, without being able to tell why.

Sum marry for buty, and never discover this mistake. This is lucky.

Sum marry for money, and don't see it.

Sum marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and then very sensibly cum to the konklusion that pedigree ain't no better than skim-milk.

Sum marry because they have bin highested sunnwhere else. This is a cross match—a bay and a sorrel. Pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for luv, without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but it is the strength of the game.

If marryin for luv ain't a success, then matrimony is a dead beat.

Sum marry because they think wim-in will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry to git rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two can play at, and neither win.

Sum marry a second time to get even and find it a gambling game—the more they lay down the less they take up.

Sum marry to be happy, and not finding it, wonder where all the happiness goes to when it dies.

Sum marry, they can't tell why, and live, they can't tell how.

Almost everybody gets married, and it is a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it over carefully first, and then sit down and marry.

Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes to convert them.

This is a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquettes. This is like buying a poor farm heavily mortgaged, and working the balance of your days to clear off the mortgages.

Married life has its chances, and this is just what gives it its flavor.

Everybody luv to plod with the chances, because everybody expects to win. But I am authorized to state that everybody don't win.

But, after all, married life is full as uncertain as the dry goods business.

Kno man can swear exactly where he will fetch up when he touches calico.

Kno man can tell just what calico has made up its mind to do next.

Calico don't kno even herself.

Dry goods of all kinds is the child of circum-tances.

Sum never marry, but this is just as risky.

The disease is the same, with another name to it.

The man who stands on the bank, shivering and dasset, is more apt to catch cold than him who piches his head fast into the river.

There is but few who never marry because they won't. They all hanker, and most of them starve with bread before them (spread on both sides) jist for the lack of grit.

Marry young! is the motto.

I have tried it, and I kno what I am talking about.

If anybody asks you why you got married (if it needs be), tell him you don't recollect.

Marriage is a safe way to gamble.

If you win, you win a pile; and if you lose, you don't lose anything, only the privilege of living dimally alone and soaking your own feet.

I repeat in italics, marry young.

There is but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that is—

second marriage.

Men look to the press to guide them in business and in social affairs. They do not know whether to applaud a foreign artist or a strange order until the press has spoken. The advertising columns are as much read as the editorial columns. The heaviest advertisers are the most successful business men. In this day no man can afford to let the press alone, if he wishes to do a large trade, any more than a farmer can withhold his corn in the springtime, or sow his grain with a sparing hand.

To know evil of others, and not speak it, is sometimes discretion. To speak evil of others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. If we may be evil ourselves who speak good of others upon knowledge, but he can never be good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.

A Montana justice of the peace doesn't splurge any when he marries a couple. He says: "Arise, grab hands—hitched—six dollars!" And that's all there is to it.

Why is a drunkard like a bad politician? Because he is always poking his nose into measures that spoil the constitution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Farm for Sale

On the 21 day of November, 1875, I will offer at public sale, the highest bidder, the farm of Archibald Patterson, dec'd, said farm lying on the Hartford and Condit's ferry road, 13 miles from Pt. Pleasant, in Ohio county. It contains one hundred acres cleared, and 67 in woods; has good dwelling house, barn, crib, dairy, orchard, well and cistern. Terms: three equal payments, in six, twelve and eighteen months, with interest, purchaser giving bond and approved security.

G. W. PATTERSON, Executor.

SAM LARKINS,

FASHIONABLE

BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,

Would respectfully announce that he has returned to Hartford, and resumed the Barbering business in all its branches, at his old stand, the first door northwest of W. H. Williams' Store, where he will be happy to receive the patronage of the public.

LIST OF PRICES.

Hair Cutting.....25 cents.
Shaving.....10 "
Shampooing.....10 "
Dyeing whiskers and mustaches, from 25 cts. to \$1.50.

He is always at his post, and guarantees satisfaction with his work. n33-3m

RUFER'S HOTEL

AND

Restaurant.

(EUROPEAN PLAN.)

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY

Fifth St. bet. Main and Market, LOUISVILLE, KY.

PHIL T. GERRMAN, } Proprietors.
ANASTAS WANDER, }

MENDEL & KAHN,

CROMWELL, KY.,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes,

And everything usually kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing an

EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county

M. & K. will take this occasion to notify the farmers of Ohio and Eastern Kentucky, that they are large and constant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very highest market prices. They also do the largest

TOBACCO

purchasing business in the county, always paying higher prices, IN CASH, than anybody else. They ask a share of public patronage. n33-4m

POND'S EXTRACT!

The People's Remedy for Internal and External Use.

POND'S EXTRACT CURES

Piles, blind and bleeding; Inflammations and Ulcerations; Hemorrhage from any organ—Nose, Throat, Lungs, Bowels, Kidneys, Womb, &c.; Congestions, Enlargements.

POND'S EXTRACT INVALUABLE

for Dysentery and Rheumatism; Inflammation of Eyes and Eyelids; Induration of Ovaries; Vaginal Leucorrhoea; Varicose Veins; sore Nipples.

POND'S EXTRACT for sale by all first class druggists, and recommended by all Physicians, and everybody who has ever used it.

PAMPHLET containing History and Uses mailed free on application, if not found at your Druggist.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,

n33-1w New York and London.

TASTELESS MEDICINES

A prominent New York physician lately complained to DUNDAS DICK & CO., about their capsules, of how to avoid the nausea and disgust experienced in swallowing, which are well known to detract from, if not destroy, the good effects of many valuable remedies.

Soft Capsules are put up in tin-foil and neat boxes, fifty in each, and are the only Capsules prescribed by physicians.

TASTELESS MEDICINES.—Castor Oil and many other nauseous medicines can be taken easily and safely in DUNDAS DICK & CO'S SWEET CAPSULES. NO TASTE. NO SWEETNESS.

These were the only Capsules admitted to the last Paris Exposition.

SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES HERE.

W. H. HARDWICK, A. T. NALL,

DRUGGISTS, 111 N. 2nd St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

MASTERS COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

E. A. Truman's Adm., pliff, against

E. A. Truman's heirs, dfts.

All persons having claims against the estate of E. A. Truman, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C.

July 14, 1875.

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HARTFORD MALE

FEMALE SEMINARY.

The next Session of this Institution will commence on the

First Monday in September, 1875,

and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the charge of

MALCOLM MCINTYRE, A. B.,

aided by competent Assistants. One-half of the tuition fee will be due at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION:

Primary.....\$10.00 Higher English, \$20.00 Junior.....15.00 Latin & Greek, 25.00

Incidental fees, to be paid in advance, \$1. Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. For further information apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

SAM. E. HILL, Principal.

August 11, 1875.

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IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,
—BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office.
Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year, in advance.
Should the paper suspend publication, from any cause, during the year, we will refund the money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers for the unexpired term with any paper of the same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited; except those of saloon keepers and dealers in intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our columns under any circumstances.
All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.
Communications in regard to advertising and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

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Buggy driving is the Sunday evening resort of this place.

Corn is selling at \$1 per barrel in Christian county.

Mr. S. S. Wells, of Owensboro, and Deputy U. S. Collector, has been in town for several days.

What has become of our Spring Lick correspondent? Let us hear from you.

Messrs. W. T. Ellis and Ed. Colgan, from the city of Owensboro, were in town last Wednesday.

The bridge in front of James Ford's is getting in a bad condition. We hope the trustees will attend to this matter.

Mr. Warren Griffin, of Elizabethtown, Ky., has been in town for several days past.

Capt. Sam. K. Cox returned from the Louisville Exposition Saturday, and reports everything lively there.

Mrs. Hurt died at the residence of her son, Alfred Hurt, in this place, Friday night.

Mr. George Potts, of Louisville, has been spending several days among his old friends of this place.

We are glad to announce that Miss Mattie Berry, who has been quite ill for several days past, is recovering fast.

Mrs. Lucy Eidson and her son White, of Owensboro, have been visiting relatives here this week.

Mosquitoes are very bad in St. Louis. It takes a No. 7 hat to fit their bites.

On Thursday last the sale of quinine at Z. W. Griffin's drug store was ten ounces, prescribed principally for chills.

Misses Rebecca Dillman and Allie Anderson remembered us with a nice lot of apples Saturday evening. Please accept our thanks, ladies.

Mr. I. B. Nall, formerly of this place, is now business manager of the *Farmer's Home Journal*, published in Louisville.

They have done away with cheap traveling on the Louisville and Nashville and Louisville and Paducah railroads, and have resumed their former prices.

The Hartford choir did not visit Buckhorn last Thursday evening as they expected, owing to the sickness of Mr. Rice, one of the bass singers.

Mr. A. G. Rowe, one of Spring Lick's liveliest business men, was in town Thursday last, looking as handsome as ever.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. B. F. Potter, of Sacramento, McLean county, Sunday. He reports good crops in that vicinity.

Miss Eva Griffin, of this city, in company with her aunt, Mrs. Joseph Miller, left last Monday, to visit friends and relatives in Louisville.

Call and leave your orders with W. C. Chapman, (agt.) for fruit trees from the Greenville Nursery. Fruit trees adapted to the soil and climate at reduced rates. Also grape vines from Knott & Chapman's vineyard, the best variety in the State.

Mr. W. H. Moore, one of our most worthy citizens, who has been confined to his room for more than a week from the effects of a congestive chill, was upon the streets Sunday.

To our young friend Wm. Phipps, we return thanks for his kindness in assisting us on the outside of our paper. He's a jolly good fellow, and may his shadow never grow less.

Our "devil" says his girl is as pretty as an ivory-bound, silver-mounted, ring-streaked and striped, magnolia, lily-white, well, just anything to suit yourself.

This cold weather is bad on lovers. They can't sit on the bank of the river and imagine their blood is congealing with the same mosquito, cause there ain't no "skaters."

We learn from Sheriff Thomas J. Smith, that there never was as much sickness in the Barnett's Creek vicinity as there is at the present time. He says there is scarcely a family in that vicinity that is not sick in some way.

We are in receipt of a complimentary ticket to attend the Christian county fair, to be held at Hopkinsville, commencing October 6th and lasting four days. If possible we will attend.

Meeting of the Ohio County Council.

The next regular meeting of the Ohio County Council, P. of H., will be held at the courthouse in Hartford, on Friday, October 1st, 1875.

R. P. HOCKLEY, Sec'y.

Messrs. Williams & Hardwick have the running gear on the Ajax. They made a short trip down the river the other day to test her speed.

Dissolution.

Dissolved, August 6th, 1875,—the law firm of Morgan & Wedding, Hartford Ky.

Always buy the best.

They not only sell the cheapest but also the best ready-made, or made to order clothing of any house in Louisville, and those who buy of J. Winter & Co., never fail to obtain satisfaction.

Mr. E. C. Ellis brought to town the other day, a sweet potato, which grew on the farm of Mr. J. F. Collins, that measured three feet ten inches in length. This is the longest potato we ever saw, and now ask our Granger friends to beat it.

Messrs. Blain & Neal, two young gentlemen of Caneyville, have a job printing establishment at that place. They print cards, envelopes, bill-heads, circulars, &c., at very reasonable prices. Success to your gentlemen, in your new enterprise.

The mother of Rev. J. S. Coleman died at her residence near Beaver Dam, last Friday evening, at five o'clock. She was a lady of rare intelligence, and was a strict member of the Baptist church. She had reached the ripe old age of nearly four score years, when the cold hand of death carried her from numerous relatives and loving friends. Her remains were interred in the Beaver Dam cemetery Sunday morning, with services by Rev. J. M. Peay.

Now is the time to buy your new suit, and J. Winter & Co., corner 3d and Market, Louisville, is the place; the Custom Department is on the second floor, and is filled with a most choice selection of all the latest styles.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following transfers of real estate have been lodged for record since our last report, viz:

Alfred C. Tanner, Commissioner McLean Circuit Court, to Miss Mary Fairleigh & Brother, 684 acres in Ohio county, 409 acres in McLean county, 420 acres in Hancock county, 41 acres in Daviess county, and 2 lots in Calhoun, Kentucky, being their part of the estate of Remus Griffith, deceased.

Marriage Licenses.

The following is a list of the marriage licenses issued since our last report:

Daniel H. Brown and Miss Lucy Stetler.

COLORED.

Ben. Carbon and Miss Canvass Cundiff.

Bad Conduct.

Last Saturday, as jailer Wise was closing the trap-door of the debtor's room, a woman by the name of Leach, who is confined there on a charge of keeping a bawdy house, ran and jumped on the door, striking Mr. Wise just above the eye and almost knocking him senseless. There are several men confined in the "dungeon," and she is mad because the jailer will not admit her to the same room. She is a very bad character, and ought to be excluded from any vicinity.

What We think of the Crops.

We went to the country Sunday, and were surprised to see the nice tobacco that was cut and in the barns. We talked with several farmers, and it was the general opinion that corn and tobacco both would be much better than was thought for some time back. According to all reports, we believe that corn will sell for two dollars per barrel this fall and winter, and the money realized from the tobacco crop will defray the expenses of the farmers for the year, and thus the money realized from their corn will be profits in their pockets, and then better times will surely come.

He Was Mistaken in the Staff.

One evening last week a young gent from the country called at the drug store for the purpose of purchasing some perfume. He said he wanted "Oil of Roses," and the quantity desired was a quart.

"You must be mistaken in the article," said the clerk.

"That's just what I want," said he, "and if you haven't got it say so."

"We have the article," said the astonished clerk, "but not that quantity," and then asked him if he knew what it would cost him.

"No, I don't," he said, "but have got a dollar to invest."

The clerk informed him that it would cost something near \$280, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, I—I—must be mistaken in the staff; you may make me a bottle of hair oil flavored with cinnamon drops."

The clerk prepared the latter, and he started for home as happy as a gambler eating a potato.

OUR CANEYVILLE LETTER.

CANEYVILLE, Ky., Sept. 27.

CHILDREN AND PLEAS.

EDITOR HERALD:—Since our last letter, sickness has been putting its appearance in our households, but we are happy to note that it is not of a more serious nature than chills and fever, which visit us every fall.

RELIGIOUS.

The protracted meeting of which we spoke of as commencing at the writing of our last letter still continues, but we

Hon. Alonzo W. Little, of Jackson, Mississippi, and Clerk of the Mississippi Court of Appeals, but formerly of Calhoun, Ky., was married in Jefferson, a few days ago, to Miss Ida May McDaniels.

As the school discussion has become monotonous to quite a number of our readers, we have decided not to insert any more of like nature. We hope our correspondents will not think hard of us for it, but it is our aim to please the mass of our readers. We have now about a dozen communications of this kind on hand, and as we cannot devote the entire paper to this subject, would deem it partiality to publish one without the others. We will be glad to hear from you, gentlemen, on other subjects.

Our clever young friend Phil. T. German, of Louisville, has been appointed aid to the Governor, with rank of Colonel. We congratulate you, Phil.

Thanks to Hon. T. C. McCreery, U. S. Senator, for public documents.

At it Still.

Sam. Goodman, of Big Clifty, is still furnishing passengers on the east bound day train on the L. P. & S. W. R. R. the very best square dinner gotten up according to the best culinary authority for only fifty cents.

A fellow got on board the west bound train on the L. P. & S. W. R. R. yesterday with a ticket to Vine Grove. When the train stopped at Vine Grove, he failed to get off, and was riding along very cheap, but conductor Fonda spoiled his little game by spotting him out, and putting him off at the next station. A fellow will have to be sharp when he fools Fonda out of a ride.

W. H. Williams is receiving and opening the largest stock of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, clothing, and all kinds of notions ever brought to this place. Persons desiring any of the above named articles should give him a call, all his goods are warranted as represented. A complete line of groceries in connection with the above named goods.

The Court of Claims of Ohio County, will meet next Monday. Of course a large lot of claims will be presented, but we hope our Magistrates will guard the interest of the county well, and eul out and refuse all the spurious claims, and cut down those that are too high and allow none but meritorious and just claims. By a close management of our finances, and a cutting down of the proper expenditures to a low notch, and rejecting all bogus and inflated claims, the county could soon be brought out of debt.

Don't fail to stop at Millwood, as you come down on the Paducah railroad and get your dinner of H. K. Wells. It would give a sick man an appetite to go into his dining-room. Every thing is in perfect order, and every edible and luxury the country affords is found upon his tables, served up in the very best style. Mrs. Wells is one of the most agreeable and pleasant landladies we ever met, and the great success of this house is in a great measure attributable to her management. Don't eat a cold meal and give yourself the chills, or starve and have the headache, but stop there and get a dinner equal to Galt House fare, for it only costs half price, (fifty cents).

"Hello Barrett! where did you get that splendid suit of clothes, oh, how nice they fit; what magnificent goods, &c., &c.," were the greetings we had on all sides yesterday, when we reached home from a short trip to the Metropolis of our State, where we had been to take in the races, Exposition, &c.

Well, we will answer you all at once, through the columns of the HERALD. We got them from Julius Winter & Co., corner 3d and Market streets, Louisville. This is one of the largest and best clothing houses in the West. They always keep on hand a large assortment of goods furnishing goods, and their prices, cutting, and fitting are not beaten by any firm anywhere. They are honest, fair dealing men. This is not a paid advertisement, but an effort to bestow praise where it is justly due. We can conscientiously recommend our friends to trade there.

OUR CANEYVILLE LETTER.

CANEYVILLE, Ky., Sept. 27.

CHILDREN AND PLEAS.

EDITOR HERALD:—Since our last letter, sickness has been putting its appearance in our households, but we are happy to note that it is not of a more serious nature than chills and fever, which visit us every fall.

RELIGIOUS.

The protracted meeting of which we spoke of as commencing at the writing of our last letter still continues, but we

are sorry to say that as yet no good has been accomplished, and we know not why, for Messrs. Davidson and Ward are both good preachers, and speak eloquently to a crowded house twice every day.

HE'S GOING A VISITING.

J. R. Bond, our worthy express agent, tells us he will start in a few days on a journey to pay the principal eastern cities a visit, he has announced his intention to visit New York, Philadelphia, and others. He has our very best wishes for success and pleasure in his visit.

"THE DOCK BROWN STORY."

Before many months shall roll by, Grayson county can boast of an author of a book of interest to every citizen of the county. The Grayson County Herald says: Will R. Haynes, author of the celebrated "Dock Brown story," has perfected arrangements for the publication of the same in book form. "The idea of a romance of the nature of the 'Dock Brown story,' founded on facts actually occurring in our midst, and that we have a young man able to expose all the hidden mysteries of the same, and hand them to us in the form of a nice book, is enough to buoy up the hearts of our citizens."

ILLNESS OF THE MINES TILFORD.

Misses Jennie and Julia Telford two beautiful and charming young ladies of this place are very ill at the residence of their father. Our prayers are for their speedy recovery.

HER NAME WAS "DOLLY."

We infer from the letter of "Thomah" in the Grayson County Herald that he once had an aunt and her name was "Dolly."

STOCK SHIPMENT.

Blain & Bond, our local stock buyers, continue to ship cattle, sheep, and hogs to Louisville. They are both young men of business capacity.

AT HOME AGAIN.

J. N. Eskridge, of the firm of Porter & Eskridge, of this place, returned home from Louisville a few nights ago, where he had been for several days on business connected with the firm.

HE PRINKED TO MEET HER.

Miss Jennie Weller, of the Falls of Rough, returned home from her visit to Lebanon, last week. She looks as gay as ever, but remained with us only three hours, just long enough for Jap to get on his clean clothes and put on his best looks.

We were glad to welcome home our young friend Henry C. Daniel, Friday, who went to Louisville a few days ago to visit the Exposition, but was taken sick while there, and derived but little pleasure from his visit.

NOW THEY'LL HAVE MUSIC.

Mrs. Will. T. Gary received her piano from Livermore, her former home, yesterday, and now gladdens the hearts of her many auditors with her excellent music.

JACK FROST VISITS THEM.

Frost fell here last Sunday night, but we are happy to say no damage was sustained by our farmers.

PERSONAL.

W. H. Barnes of Beaver Dam, was in town yesterday, a guest of Dr. R. W. Brandon. But to the dissatisfaction of the girls and the unspeakable pleasure of the boys returned home last night.

ANOTHER HORSE RACE.

We were informed yesterday that the race at Big Springs, Ky., between the Fitzhugh mare and a Hardin county horse was won by forty feet by the former; purse being \$800.

ROMEO PINKSTAFF.

HARTFORD RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by Wm. H. Williams.

HARTFORD, Ky., Sept. 29, 1875.

Apples, dried, per bushel, \$1.50 @ 1.75

Apples, green, per bushel, 50 @ 75

Bacon, (sides) per lb., 15 @ 16

Beans, per bushel, 1.25 @ 1.50

Brooms, per doz., 3.50

Butter, per lb., 15 @ 20

Candles, per lb., 25 @ 40

Canned, per lb., 25 @ 28

Cheese, per lb., 25 @ 28

Crackers, per lb., 15 @ 25

Corn oil, per gallon, 30 @ 35

Chickens, per doz., 1.50 @ 1.75

Corn, per barrel, 3.00

